

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 576.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

SOME MEMORIES OF BOOKS, AUTHORS, AND EVENTS.

FIFTY years ago, Edinburgh was still at the height of its literary fame, although some of its brightest stars had passed away. Scott, Hogg, and Galt were dead; but De Quincey, Professor Wilson, Lord Jeffrey, and a host of others, still shed their light on the literary world. The *Edinburgh Review*, *Tait's* and *Blackwood's Magazines* were then at the zenith of their reputation, and were contributed to by the greatest literary geniuses of the age. In *Some Memories of Books, Authors, and Events*, by James Bertram, author of the well-known *Harvest of the Sea*, we have many reminiscences of this golden age. Mr Bertram's youth was cast in these good old times; and owing to his connection with *Tait's Magazine*, in his position of Manager to Mr Tait, he came in personal contact with many of the 'lions' of the day. *Tait's* then numbered among its contributors Thomas De Quincey, Joseph Hume, Richard Cobden, John Hill Burton, Mrs Howitt, Miss Mitford, and a great many others of equal celebrity. Of all these, the author's reminiscences of De Quincey are by far the most interesting. This is owing, no doubt, to his having had frequent personal intercourse with the Opium-eater, and to his having afterwards been on some footing of intimacy with him. De Quincey was then resident in Edinburgh, and a very frequent contributor to *Tait's*, although some of his contributions were never published. This was owing to the editor's (Mrs Johnstone's) opinion that it was unadvisable to insert an article from him in every number of the Magazine, as tending to make his communications commonplace. As these were never returned, there is some probability of their being still in existence.

De Quincey had odd ways sometimes of sending in his copy. One afternoon a policeman walked into *Tait's* establishment with a packet of copy.

'Who gave you this?' asked Mr Tait.

'It was my neighbour, sir, at the North Bridge.'

'Who gave it to him?'

'It was his neighbour, sir.'

'And where did he get it?'

'Oh, he got it from the little man that makes the fine speeches, and lives down yonder, sir,' was the reply.

On another occasion, De Quincey walked into a public-house close to the shop and begged the landlord to take charge of some loose sheets of copy and give them to Mr Tait the next day. 'I ask this favour of you,' said De Quincey, 'as that gentleman's place of business is closed. I had hoped to be here two hours ago, but have been unexpectedly detained by holding a prolonged conversation with a talkative friend.'

Another story is told by a young actor employed at one of the Edinburgh theatres. He was in the Queen's Park one day practising a back-fall which he had to do on the stage, when he was accosted by a little gentleman with a divine face. 'I think you will do it very effectually,' he said; 'but you must guard your head properly, otherwise you might give it a bad knock on the boards; the stage, I venture to hope you are aware, is so different from this soft substance.' The actor was struck with the politeness of the little man, and more so when he received an invitation to accompany him to his lodgings and have some refreshment. As they were entering, the servant addressed the gentleman as Mr De Quincey; and the actor, who knew him by reputation, felt proud of his attentions. De Quincey produced a bottle of brandy, and, with many profuse apologies for the absence of a glass, half filled a teacup, filling it up with water, and proffered it to his guest. Then came the grand object of all this. De Quincey asked him if, on his way to the theatre, 'he would do him the great favour to carry up to town a small packet of much value, and have it sent to Mr

Tait's place of business by a porter from the Register House. "Circumstances over which I have no control," added the Opium-eater, "and into which I need not enter—nor do I consider they would be of interest to you—preclude my going up to town for a few days."

The packet was duly taken and delivered. The 'circumstances over which he had no control' were the curtailment of his personal liberty. Poor De Quincey was then living at Holyrood 'in sanctuary,' that refuge of persecuted debtors, and his perambulations were perforce mainly confined to the Queen's Park.

De Quincey had a great partiality for tripe, and there were a few select taverns, notably the 'Guildford Arms' in West Register Street, which he was in the habit of frequenting for the purpose of indulging in this simple luxury. If at any time he happened to be 'lost,' he was pretty sure to be found at one of them. But this partiality was bred largely of necessity, for, as he said once to Mr Tait's housekeeper, 'the state of my stomach, which I may tell you is a perpetual source of woe to me, will prevent my eating flesh meats of the kind you mention [blackfaced mutton and moorfowl]. If, therefore, you could procure a portion of tripe, and stew it for me, as also a pudding of the batter or custard kind, I should indeed be grateful to you.'

In money matters he was very careless, and, perhaps in consequence, never carried much money in his pocket at a time. On one occasion he returned a cheque to Mr Tait, telling him that two pounds were all that he required at that time. This 'shortness' placed him in an amusing predicament once. One morning, as Mr Tait's shop was being opened, De Quincey drove up in a cab, and thus addressed one of the apprentices: 'I am Mr De Quincey, and I presume that you are one of the young gentlemen who assist Mr Tait in conducting his business. I am at the moment much embarrassed for want of a sum of money; the difficulty will not, however, I can assure you, be permanent; but it is in the meantime most urgent.'

The apprentice anxiously asked how much he required, thinking perhaps a five-pound note. However, it happened to be only sixpence, which he wanted to make up his cab fare, being so much short. The sixpence was joyfully tendered; and after thanking his benefactor most effusively for his great politeness, he drove off.

Fifty years ago, Sir Walter Scott still lived in the memory of his personal friends, and fresh anecdotes were constantly being told of him by those who had known him well. Not so well known, however, is one trait of his character: no man was more careful than he of his personal dignity. That he was 'hail, fellow, well met' with the players in the stage adaptations of his works is apocryphal. On one occasion a well-known Scottish actor, of whom Sir Walter had taken friendly notice, asked him for a few letters of introduction on the occasion of his going to London. Sir Walter declined to give them, only softening the refusal by saying, 'I have written to my friends about you.' At a dinner party where the great man was a guest,

a young gentleman called out: 'Pleasure of wine with you, Scott!' Sir Walter looked fixedly at him, but took no further notice. Unless Sir Walter condescended to be familiar first, it was not safe to be familiar with him.

A book that made a great sensation half a century ago was the *Vestiges of Creation*. The mystery at first attached to the authorship of this book gave rise to many curious and amusing scenes. A bore was one day in Mr Tait's shop holding forth with all his might on the *Vestiges*, and declaring that Robert Chambers was no more the author of the book than he was. 'He wrote such a book! It's not in him. He's the most over-rated literary man I ever knew.' A lady happened to come in and overhear this tirade. On perceiving her, Mr Tait said to her: 'How do you do, Mrs Chambers?' The bore disappeared with great precipitation, both Mrs Chambers and Mr Tait being greatly amused at the situation.

There was one attempt to appropriate the credit of the authorship, unrivalled for consummate impudence. There was offered for publication to several Edinburgh publishers the manuscript of a pamphlet bearing the title, '*A Word to my Critics*, by the Author, of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*.' As Mr Bertram remarks, it is charitable to suppose that the man who wrote it was a lunatic.

All kinds of persons were named as the probable authors of the book, and some of these evinced no desire to repudiate the honour. Some, indeed, smiled and smirked their friends, and even themselves, into the belief that they had something to do with it. Although the authorship was kept a strict secret, many suspected, even from the first, that Robert Chambers was the author.

Mr Bertram thus tells the story of his first encounter with William and Robert Chambers. 'One Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1838, whilst crossing Bruntsfield Links on my way home, endeavouring, as I walked over the grass, to read a story in one of the volumes of *Chambers's Journal*, then of a somewhat unwieldy size, I was stopped by two gentlemen, one of whom accosted me in kindly fashion and asked what I was reading. "It is *Chambers's Journal*, sir," was of course my reply.

"Yes, I can see that," said the gentleman. "But what is the name of the story you are reading?"

"It is about George MacQueen, the apprentice who was flogged with the cook's frying-pan for not delivering it promptly," said I.

"Then the other gentleman spoke. "Are you learning a business?" he asked; to which I answered that I was learning to be a bookseller with Mr Tait of Princes Street.

"A capital place. Have you been there long?"

"No, sir; only ten months."

"Just so. Now, can you tell me the size of that book, what it is called in the shop?" was the next question.

"I described it as an oblong quarto, or a quarto in folio shape—a reply which both gentlemen, judging from their looks, seemed to think was to the point."

'My examiner then asked my name, who my

father was, and where I lived. When I had made suitable replies, I was allowed to go, the more pleasant-looking of the two saying: "We know Mr Tait very well; you are in a good place, and have an excellent master."

'I wondered who these gentlemen were—the one bright and smiling, the other presenting a graver cast of countenance; but no long time elapsed ere I discovered their identity. They proved to be William and Robert Chambers, the conductors of the periodical they found me reading.'

Mrs Johnstone, the editor of *Tait's*, besides being a novelist and critic of some ability, was the author of the celebrated *Meg Dods' Cook and Housewife's Manual*. A lady, a friend of hers very likely, summed up her character thus: 'She writes very good novels; but I must say, although she has written *Meg Dods*, she keeps a very bad cook, and never gives her friends a morsel they can eat. It's not quite so easy to teach a cook as to write about cooking.'

Mr Johnstone is said to have helped his wife by handing her books of reference and mending her pens; but this is very probably ill-natured, as Mr Johnstone himself was a man of ability.

Would-be contributors and authors were as troublesome then as they are now, and Mr Bertram tells some amusing stories of them, one of which is worth repeating. One day Mr Tait's premises were invaded by a family, consisting of father, mother, son, and two daughters, bearing a ponderous manuscript volume of poems—'All written by ourselves,' as the mother said, in a joyous key. The title was 'A Poem for Every Day in the Year, and Two for Sundays, by Mr and Mrs Mullingar and their Sons and Daughters.' Mr Tait was non-plussed, and the mother seemed inclined to sit down and await his decision; however, a visitor opportunely arriving, they said they would call again. They did; but the publisher was 'not at home;' and they were turned over to Mr Bertram, who assured Mrs Mullingar, with his best air of wisdom, that poetry never paid.

'And yet,' said the lady in a reproachful tone, 'Sir Walter Scott made thousands of pounds by his poems.'

'Yes; and so did Byron and Moore,' chimed in one of the daughters, with a severe look, 'and other poets too. Look at Rogers!'

In vain was Mrs Mullingar assured that these were exceptional circumstances; she was confident *their* book would sell. Mr Bertram at last got out of the scrape by suggesting that, as Mr Tait was unwilling to publish books of poetry, they should try Blackwood. He does not say whether Blackwood was duly grateful, or whether he published the book; but, as it has never been heard of, it is very probable he did not.

Mr Bertram has many reminiscences of minor Edinburgh celebrities, some of them very interesting, although a few of the characters are only locally known. Of one of these, the Rev. Dr Dickson of St Cuthbert's, some good anecdotes are told. 'Weel, Jenny,' said the Doctor to one of his parishioners who had a common failing, 'can you tell me where all drunkards will go to?' 'Oh, 'deed can I, Doctor,' said the woman; 'they will just gang to the nearest

public-house.' Another story was of a parishioner who knew she was dying, but who persisted in worrying herself about things of this world. At last, in order to pacify her, her husband said: 'Maggie, my woman, dinna fash yoursel' about worldly matters; listen to the minister about your hinner end, and as sure as death, I'll gie ye a grand funeral!'

George Combe, author of the *Constitution of Man*, was a friend of Mr Tait, but ultimately they fell out over phrenology, the former being a firm believer in it, while the latter was a scoffer. Mr Tait took occasion to give his views on the subject in the Magazine, and this so disgusted Combe, that he did not send a copy of his book on North America for review until it was formally asked for. Mr Combe married a niece of Mrs Siddons, and it is said that a clause in the marriage contract provided that he would 'become a hearer in any church where she could find the most sense and the least doctrine preached.'

And lastly, a few words in regard to Mr Bertram himself, who was by no means an obscure figure in Edinburgh literary life. When *Tait's Magazine* was given up in 1846, Mr Bertram, who was then about twenty-two years old, was thrown upon his own resources. He tried the stage for a while; but after three years, finding he could not make a living on it, he returned to Edinburgh and engaged in journalism. He contributed to *Chambers's Journal*, *Hogg's Instructor*, and other periodicals. He was appointed editor of the *North Briton* in 1855, one of the first penny newspapers, and afterwards edited and conducted various other newspapers. He was a prolific 'all-round' writer, and one of the earliest disciples of the 'New Journalism' school. He took up the study of fisheries, on which he was a recognised authority, and his best known work is the *Harvest of the Sea*, a book which has led to increased knowledge and a much better understanding of fishery economy. Mr Bertram died in 1892, before his latest work, his *Memories*, had been given to the public.

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.*

CHAPTER I. (continued).

Now Count Antonio was a big man and heavy, so that his horse was weighed down by the twofold burden on its back; and looking behind him, he perceived that Robert's company drew nearer and yet nearer. And Tommasino looking also, said, 'I doubt they are too many for us, for you have the lady in your arms. We shall not get clear of the hills.'

Then Antonio drew in his horse a little, and letting the bridle fall, took the Lady Lucia in both his arms and kissed her, and having thus done, lifted her and set her on Tommasino's horse. 'Thank God,' said he, 'that you are no heavier than a feather.'

'Yet two feathers may be too much,' said Tommasino.

'Ride on,' said Antonio. 'I will check them

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

for a time, so that you shall come safe to the outset of the hill.'

Tommasino obeyed him; and Antonio, riding more softly now, placed himself between Tommasino and the pursuers. Tommasino rode on with the swooning lady in his arms; but his face was grave and troubled, for, as he had said, two feathers may be overmuch, and Robert's company rode well and swiftly.

'If Antonio can stop them, it is well,' said he; 'but if not, I shall not reach the hills;' and he looked with no great love on the unhappy lady, for it seemed like enough that Antonio would be slain for her sake, and Tommasino prized him above a thousand damsels. Yet he rode on, obedient.

But Antonio's scheme had not passed undetected by Robert de Beauregard; and Robert being a man of guile and cunning, swore aloud an oath that though he died himself, yet Tommasino should not carry off Lucia. Therefore he charged his men one and all to ride after Tommasino and bring back Lucia, leaving him alone to contend with Antonio; and they were not loth to obey, for it was little to their taste or wish to surround Antonio and kill him. Thus when the company came within fifty yards of Antonio, the ranks suddenly parted, five diverged to the right, and four to the left, passing Antonio in sweeping curves, so far off that he could not reach them, while Robert alone rode straight at him. Antonio, perceiving the stratagem, would fain have ridden again after Tommasino; but Robert was hard upon him, and he was in peril of being thrust through the back as he fled. So he turned and faced his enemy. But although Robert had sworn so boldly before his men, his mind was not what he had declared to them, and he desired to meet Antonio alone, not that he might fight a fair fight with him, but in order treacherously to deceive him—a thing he was ashamed to do before his comrades. Coming up then to Antonio, he reined in his horse, crying, 'My lord, I bring peace from His Highness.'

Antonio wondered to hear him; yet, when Robert, his sword lying untouched in its sheath, leaped from his horse and approached him, he dismounted also; and Robert said to him: 'I have charged them to injure neither the lady Lucia nor your cousin by so much as a hair; for the Duke bids me say that he will not constrain the lady.'

'Is she then given to me?' cried Antonio, his face lighting up with a marvellous eagerness.

'Nay, not so fast,' answered Robert with subtle cunning. 'The Duke will not give her to you now. But he will exact from you and from me alike an oath not to molest—no, not to see her, for three months, and then she shall choose as she will between us.'

While he spoke this fair speech, he had been drawing nearer to Antonio; and Antonio, not yet convinced of his honesty, drew back a pace. Then Robert let go hold of his horse, unbuckled his sword, flung it on the ground, and came to Antonio with outstretched hands. 'Behold!' said he; 'I am in your mercy, my lord. If you do not believe me, slay me.'

Antonio looked at him with searching wistful eyes; he hated to war against the Duke, and his heart was aflame with the hope that dwelt for him in Robert's words; for he did not doubt but that neither three months, nor three years, nor three hundred years, could change his lady's love.

'You speak fair, sir,' said he; 'but what warrant have I?'

'And, save your honour, what warrant have I, who stand here unarmed before you?' asked Robert.

For a while Antonio pondered; then he said, 'My lord, I must crave your pardon for my doubt; but the matter is so great that to your word I dare not trust; but if you will ride back with your men and pray the Duke to send me a promise under his own hand, to that I will trust. And meanwhile Tommasino, with the lady Lucia, shall abide in a safe place, and I will stay here, awaiting your return; and, if you will, let two of your men stay with me.'

'Many a man, my lord,' returned Robert, 'would take your caution in bad part. But let it be so.—Come, we will ride after my company.' And he rose and caught Antonio's horse by the bridle and brought it to him; 'Mount, my lord,' said he, standing by.

Antonio, believing either that the man was true or that his treachery—if treachery there were in him—was foiled, and seeing him to all seeming unarmed, save for a little dagger in his belt which would hardly suffice to kill a man, and was more a thing of ornament than use, set his foot in the stirrup and prepared to mount. And in so doing he turned his back on Robert de Beauregard. The moment for which that wicked man had schemed and lied was come. Still holding Antonio's stirrup with one hand, he drew, swift as lightning, from under his cloak, a dagger different far from the toy in his belt—short, strong, broad, and keen. And that moment had been Antonio's last, had it not chanced that on the instant Robert drew the dagger, the horse started a pace aside, and Antonio, taken unawares, stumbled forward and came near falling on the ground. His salvation lay in that stumble, for Robert, having put all his strength into the blow, and then striking, not Antonio, but empty air, in his turn staggered forward, and could not recover himself before Antonio turned round, a smile at his own unweariness on his lips.

Then he saw the broad keen knife in the hand of Robert. Robert breathed quickly, and glared at him, but did not rush on him. He stood glaring, the knife in his hands, his parted lips displaying grinning teeth. Not a word spoke Antonio, but he drew his sword, and pointed where Robert's sword lay on the grass. The traitor, recognising the grace that allowed him to take his sword, shamed, it may be, by such return for his own treachery, in silence lifted and drew it; and, withdrawing to a distance from the horses, which quietly cropped the grass, the two faced one another.

Calm and easy were the bearing and the air of Count Antonio—if the pictures of him that live drawn in the words of those who knew him be truthful—calm and easy ever was he, save when he fought; but then it seemed as

though there came upon him a sort of fury akin to madness, or (as the ancients would have fabled) to some inspiration from the God of War, which transformed him utterly, imbuing him with a rage and rushing impetuosity. Here lay his danger when matched with such a swordsman as was little Tommasino; but for all that, few cared to meet him, some saying that, though they called themselves as brave as others, yet they seemed half appalled when Count Antonio set upon them; for he fought as though he must surely win, and as though God were with him. Thus now he darted upon Robert de Beauregard, in seeming recklessness of receiving thrusts himself, yet ever escaping them by his sudden resource and dexterity, and ever himself attacking, leaving no space to take breath, and bewildering the other's practised skill by the dash and brilliance of his assault. And it may be also that the darkness, which was now falling fast, hindered Robert the more, for Antonio was famed for the keenness of his eyes by night. Be these things as they may, in the very moment when Robert pricked Antonio in the left arm and cried out in triumph on his stroke, Antonio leaped on him and drove his sword through his heart; and Robert, with the sword yet in him, fell to the ground, groaning. And when Antonio drew forth the sword, the man at his feet died. Thus, if it be God's will, may all traitors perish.

Antonio looked round the plain; but it grew darker still, and even his sight did not avail for more than some threescore yards. Yet he saw a dark mass on his right, distant, as he judged, that space or more. Rapidly it moved: surely it was a group of men galloping, and Antonio stood motionless regarding them. But they swept on, not turning whither he stood; and he, unable to tell what they did, whether they sought him or whither they went, watched them till they faded away in the darkness; and then, leaving Robert where he lay, he mounted his horse and made speed towards the hills, praying that there he should find his cousin and the lady Lucia, escaped from the pursuit of the Duke's men. Yet had he known what those dimly discerned riders bore with them, he would have been greatly moved at all costs and at every hazard to follow after them, and seek to overtake them before they came to the city.

On he rode towards the hills, quickly, yet not so hastily but that he scanned the ground as he went so well as the night allowed him. The moon was risen now, and to see was easier. When he had covered a distance of some two miles, he perceived something lying across his path. Bending to look, he found it to be the corpse of a horse: he leaped down and bent over it. It was the horse Tommasino had ridden: it was hamstrung, and its throat had been cut. Antonio, seeing it, in sudden apprehension of calamity, cried aloud; and to his wonder his cry was answered by a voice which came from a clump of bushes fifty yards on the right. He ran hastily to the spot, thinking nothing of his own safety nor of anything else than what had befallen his friends; and under the shelter of the bushes two men of the

Duke's Guard, their horses tethered near them, squatted on the ground, and, between, Tommasino lay full length on the ground. His face was white, his eyes closed, and a bloody bandage was about his head. One of the two by him had forced his lips open, and was giving him to drink from a bottle. The other sprang up on sight of Antonio, and laid a hand to his sword-hilt.

'Peace, peace!' said Antonio. 'Is the lad dead?'

'He is not dead, my lord, but he is sore hurt.'

'And what do you here with him? And how did you take him?'

'We came up with him here, and surrounded him; and while some of us held him in front, one cut the hamstrings of his horse from behind; and the horse fell, and with the horse the lady and the young lord. He was up in an instant; but as he rose, the Lieutenant struck him on the head and dealt him the wound you see. Then he could fight no more; and the Lieutenant took the lady, and with the rest rode back towards the city, leaving us charged with the duty of bringing the young lord in so soon as he was in a state to come with us.'

'They took the lady?'

'Even so, my lord.'

'And why did they not seek for me?'

The fellow—Martolo was his name—smiled grimly; and his comrade, looking up, answered: 'Maybe they did not wish to find you, my lord. They had been eight to one, and could not have failed to take you in the end.'

'Ay, in the end,' said Martolo, laughing now. 'Nor,' added he, 'had the Lieutenant such great love for Robert de Beauregard that he would rejoice to deliver you to death for his sake, seeing that you are a Monte Velluto and he a rascally!'

'Peace! He is dead,' said Count Antonio.

'You have killed him?' they cried with one voice.

'He attacked me in treachery, and I have killed him,' answered Antonio.

For a while there was silence. Then Antonio asked, 'The lady—did she go willingly?'

'She was frightened and dazed by her fall, my lord; she knew not what she did nor what they did to her. And the Lieutenant took her in front of him, and, holding her with all gentleness, so rode towards the city.'

'God keep her,' said Antonio.

'Amen, poor lady!' said Martolo, doffing his cap.

Then Antonio whistled to his horse, which came to his side; with a gesture he bade the men stand aside, and they obeyed him; and he gathered Tommasino in his arms. 'Hold my stirrup, that I may mount,' said he; and still they obeyed. But when they saw him mounted, with Tommasino seated in front of him, Martolo cried, 'But, my lord, we are charged to take him back and deliver him to the Duke.'

'And if you do?' asked Antonio.

Martolo made a movement as of one tying a noose.

'And if you do not?' asked Antonio.

'Then we had best not show ourselves alive to the Duke.'

Antonio looked down on them. 'To whom bear you allegiance?' said he.

'To His Highness the Duke,' they answered, uncovering as they spoke.

'And to whom besides?' asked Antonio.

'To none besides,' they answered, wondering.

'Ay, but you do,' said he. 'To One who will not that you should deliver to death a lad who has done but what his honour bade him.'

'God's counsel God knows,' said Martolo. 'We are dead men if we return alone to the city. You had best slay us yourself, my lord, if we may not carry the young lord with us.'

'You are honest lads, are you not?' he asked. 'By your faces, you are men of the city.'

'So are we, my lord; but we serve the Duke in his Guard for reward.'

'I love the men of the city as they love me,' said Antonio. 'And a few pence a day should not buy a man's soul as well as his body.'

The two men looked at one another in perplexity. The fear and deference in which they held Antonio forbade them to fall on him; yet they dared not let him take Tommasino. Then, as they stood doubting, he spoke low and softly to them: 'When he that should give law and uphold right deals wrong, and makes white black and black white, it is for gentlemen and honest men to be a law unto themselves. Mount your horses, then, and follow me. And so long as I am safe, you shall be safe; and so long as I live, you shall live; and while I eat and drink, you shall have to drink and eat; and you shall be my servants. And when the time of God's will—whereof God forbid that I should doubt—is come, I will go back to her I love, and you shall go back to them that love you; and men shall say that you have proved yourselves true men and good.'

Thus it was that two men of the Duke's Guard—Martolo and he whom they called Bena (for of his true name there is no record)—went together with Count Antonio and his cousin Tommasino to a secret fastness in the hills; and there in the course of many days Tommasino was healed of the wound which the Lieutenant of the Guard had given him, and rode his horse again, and held next place to Antonio himself in the band that gathered round them. For there came to them every man that was wrongfully oppressed; and some came for love of adventure, and because they hoped to strike good blows; and some came whom Antonio would not receive, inasmuch as they were greater rogues than were those whose wrath they fled from.

Such is the tale of how Count Antonio was outlawed from the Duke's peace and took to the hills. Faithfully have I set it down, and whoso will may blame the Count, and whoso will may praise him. For myself, I thank Heaven that I am well rid of this same troublesome passion of love, that likens one man to a lion and another to a fox.

But the Lady Lucia, being brought back to the city by the Lieutenant of the Guard, was lodged in her own house, and the charge of

her was commended by the Duke into the hands of a discreet lady; and for a while His Highness, for very shame, forbore to trouble her with suitors. For he said, in his bitter humour, as he looked down on the dead body of Robert de Beauregard: 'I have lost two good servants and four strong arms through her; and mayhap, if I find her another suitor, she will rob me of yet another stalwart gentleman.'

So she abode, in peace indeed, but in sore desolation and sorrow, longing for the day when Count Antonio should come back to seek her. And again was she closely guarded by the Duke.

SOLUBLE PAPER.

By the aid of heat and powerful chemicals, it is possible to dissolve anything, even the hardest rock; but the material as such is destroyed in the process, being converted into a number of different substances. It is one thing to dissolve a refractory body, and quite another to get it back in the same chemical state as it was at first. Of all the things that we should least expect to dissolve readily, cotton, wood, paper, and similar material appear to be the most insoluble; yet a process has been discovered by three well-known chemists which permits us to dissolve cotton-wool, &c., and, by proper treatment, to reproduce it unaltered. By 'unaltered' we mean unaltered in a chemical sense. Of course, it would not be possible to reproduce the actual fibres of the original material, but the substance would be recovered in mass.

It is just as well, before we go any farther, to get a clear idea of the substance we are dealing with when we speak of cotton-wool or raw cotton. Chemists call the pure substance 'cellulose,' because it is the material out of which the cell-walls of plants are built. When we have said this, we have said a great deal; for, as all the parts of a plant are made up of cells, this cellulose is to us human beings, not to speak of the other animals, one of the most important bodies in the whole of Nature's laboratory. Wood, cotton, linen, straw, grass, hemp, jute, paper, and many other things, are all more or less pure forms of cellulose. Chemists always mean something by every syllable in their queer language, and the termination -ose indicates that cellulose is a close relation to starch and sugar; also, from this, it is a second cousin to the alcohols and ethers. Perhaps, one of these days, chemists will show us how to convert wood and straw into a good nourishing diet; wood-biscuits have been made in Berlin as food for horses. Plants are able to convert sugar into cellulose, and *vice versa*, and there is no reason why we should not learn to do so too. Considering the immense number of industries in which paper is employed, a process by which this cellulose could be dissolved up and re-deposited in moulds, or in any desired shape, has always been much sought after; but until recently it has not been found.

Various ways of dissolving cotton-wool, the purest form of cellulose, have been known for a long time, and many valuable applications have arisen from them; but dissolved paper could not be re-formed in a state capable of use by itself. Black oxide of copper dissolved in strong ammonia will dissolve cotton-wool and most forms of cellulose. Advantage is taken of this in the manufacture of Willesden papers, the copper-ammonia being allowed to act on the surface of the sheets, so as to partially dissolve the paper and re-deposit it as a hard waterproof coating. When thick paper is required, one or more sheets are cemented together with the copper-ammonia solution. The dark-green surface of the Willesden paper is due to the copper it contains; but by suitable treatment, paper dissolved in copper-ammonia solution can be obtained white and free from copper. Strong oil of vitriol will dissolve cotton-wool, but changes it into grape-sugar. Vegetable parchment, so largely used for covering jam-pots and a variety of other purposes, is merely ordinary unsized paper that has been dipped in oil of vitriol for a few minutes. Collodion and gun-cotton are both made by treating cotton-wool with nitric acid. Gun-cotton is one of the principal constituents of cordite and other smokeless powders. Celluloid is gun-cotton mixed with camphor, and, as may be imagined, is highly inflammable.

The new soluble paper is made by acting upon cotton-wool with strong alkali, and then treating it with the vapour of that particularly evil-smelling liquid, carbon bisulphide. A golden-coloured dough is the result of these operations. The dough swells enormously on the addition of water, and finally dissolves completely. One curious point about the solution is its wonderful viscosity, a solution containing seven parts in a hundred being like glycerine. Strong alcohol or brine coagulates the solution, and heat produces the same effect. The yellow colour of the dough is due to impurities; after purification, the jelly and solution being perfectly free from colour. The weakness of the solution capable of forming a jelly is astonishing; a jelly containing only five parts of the soluble paper in a thousand being stiff enough to be handled: this is water standing upright with a vengeance! A jelly containing ten parts in a hundred is quite solid to the touch. The alkali and sulphur are easily removed from the jelly by washing, and pure paper or cellulose is left behind.

As may be imagined, the applications to which this discovery can be put are immense. When perfectly dry, the cellulose is semi-transparent, resembling horn. It is hard, and can be turned readily in the lathe, taking an excellent polish. Although much may be done with it in this way, it is the direct applications of the jelly and solution that will prove the most valuable. The solution forms a splendid adhesive, and, on account of its purity, will be of great service in mounting photographs, besides taking the place of gum, india-rubber solution, and glue, if it can be made cheap enough. It has actually been used for book-binding and for the rougher work of bill-sticking. Another use will be for the sizing of

writing and other commercial papers, the great advantage being that they would not fall to pieces if they happened to get wet. One process it seems to be really designed for—namely, the manufacture of artificial silk by means of an apparatus copied from the spinnerets of the spider, invented not very long ago. The jelly can be cast in moulds, and takes an excellent impression of any surface with which it is in contact. There is thus a probability of its being employed for making ornamental mouldings, and as a substitute for papier-mâché.

A machine has been constructed for making films direct from the solution. The films can be made thick or thin, of any width, and in continuous rolls. The material takes up dyes so readily that it can be coloured as it passes through the machine without having to undergo any special process. Any graining or pattern can be imparted to the paper at the same time, so that there are great possibilities of using it in the manufacture of leather-papers, ceiling and other decorative papers.

Another use of the jelly—which will, in all probability, be of the utmost value—is for the treatment of textile fabrics such as linen and cotton. It is customary at present to ‘weight’ textile goods with china clay, and to use various substances to give them a good surface appearance. The main object of the china clay is to deceive the unsuspecting Hindu, who buys the goods by weight; but the practice is not confined to goods intended for the Indian market. The soluble cellulose bestows a better appearance on the fabrics, and at the same time adds greatly to their strength. One drawback to the cellulose produced from the jelly is that it is not perfectly transparent, like celluloid; but the chemists who discovered it are trying to overcome this difficulty, so that it can be employed for the production of photographic negative films.

Many more applications than we have cited will no doubt suggest themselves to those who read this article, and there seems to be a future of extended usefulness before the new invention. Its discoverers are still working on the same lines, and hope to elaborate many more interesting and valuable modifications of this very important cellulose.

A LEGEND OF PRINCE MAURICE.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

MAPANA had one of those rare voices which, almost more than mere beauty alone, seem created to enslave mankind. I once, years ago, on a trip home to England, heard Sarah Bernhardt. The tones of her silvery voice came nearer to Mapana's than any I ever heard.

How so fair a woman came to be heading a barbarous tribe here in this outlandish corner of Africa—whence she took her European descent—puzzled me intensely. I was determined somehow to hunt out the mystery. I had noticed, when we first encountered Mapana's tribesmen at the foot of the mountains, that much of their speech resembled the Sechuana and Basuto

tongues, with which I am well acquainted. The languages of the various Bantu tribes have strong affinities. I noticed many words even resembling Zulu and Amakosa among these people, who, by the way, called themselves Umfanzi. The difference of idiom and intonation at first bothered me; in a little while, however, as Mapana questioned and cross-questioned the Bushmen, I began pretty clearly to understand her. I spoke in a low tone to April; he, too, comprehended her speech. I now ventured to address her myself. I spoke slowly and distinctly; and, after a little, she began to understand much of what I said, as, too, did her headmen and counsellors. I explained that I was a subject of a great white Queen, dwelling far across some mighty waters; that I had heard of another white Queen, and had travelled far to pay her my respects, and to enter upon terms of good-will and friendship with her and her tribe.

My words seemed to give satisfaction. Mapana spoke in an aside with some of the older men about her, and then addressed me. She told me that she was of white descent herself—at a remote distance of time—that the blood had always been cherished in her tribe, and that she and her counsellors were glad to receive me. She directed me to be lodged in a new hut just outside her kotla, and intimated that she would be pleased to receive me later in the day. Meanwhile, food and water, and whatever else we required, should be placed at my disposal. A guard of a couple of armed men was told off to keep away intrusive or too curious tribes-people from our quarters.

We killed a sheep, and enjoyed a square meal; after which I went, surrounded by a concourse of interested natives, to a stream close by, where I had a good wash, combed out my hair and beard, and made myself presentable for the next interview with the fascinating Mapana. For the rest of the afternoon we sat resting, and luxuriated in a quiet smoke.

At about four o'clock a young headman came with a message that Mapana wished to see me again. He seemed by no means pleased with his errand, and preceded me with a very unprepossessing scowl upon his face. The Queen was now only attended by a few of her women. I sat down near her; my conductor stood leaning upon his assegai.

'Seleni,' said Mapana, looking at him, 'I wish to speak with the white man alone; you can leave me.'

'Queen,' answered the young man, not too civilly, I thought, 'this man is a stranger. Who knows his heart? He may cherish mischief. I stay to guard the Queen from danger.'

Mapana flushed a little. It was pretty to see the colour run under the clear brunette of her skin. 'There is no danger,' she said, with some asperity. 'Go, till I call for you.'

Making an obeisance, Seleni, much against his will, stalked out of the kotla.

Mapana turned to me. 'Seleni is a kinsman of mine,' she said; 'and he presumes upon it.' I had noticed that this young man, and one or two others among the headmen, were slightly

paler in colour than the rest of the tribe, and I told Mapana so.

'Yes,' she returned. 'Seleni is descended from the white man from whom I descend, but by a baser branch. My forefathers come directly from the white man who settled among the Umfanzi long ago, and married the chief's daughter. That white man—Morinza, we call him—became ruler over the tribe, taught us many things, and left the family of chiefs to which I belong. I have sent for you'—here she inquired my name, which I told her—'to look upon the things which I have here. They were Morinza's, and they have always been cherished in my family.'

Here she took the necklet of coins from her neck and handed it to me. She had also for my inspection the sword I have spoken of, and an old-fashioned book, very handsomely bound in red leather, curiously gilt and stamped. This book she took from a covering of soft hide, in which it was carefully wrapped.

I was intensely interested, and first examined the gold coins composing the necklet. There were seven in all, four large and three smaller. I recognised at once the head of Charles I., and made out without difficulty that the coins were twenty-shilling and ten-shilling pieces of that king's reign. I next took up the sword. The scabbard had once been handsome in leather and metal, but was now worn and battered. The sword itself, a straight, narrowish rapier, was a very beautiful one. It was in excellent condition and finely engraved. On the centre of the blade were these words in old-fashioned lettering:

'RUPERTUS MAURITIO SUO.
BREDAE, 1638.'

Latin for: 'From Rupert to his Maurice. Before Breda, 1638.'

Now in the mind of every schoolboy (said Cressey, pausing in his narrative) the names Rupert and Maurice always run together. They were nephews of Charles I., sons of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and they are well known in English history. Since I came to Cape Town, I have been to the Library, and I find that Prince Maurice served his first or second campaign in 1638 with the Prince of Orange at the siege of Breda. Prince Rupert was there learning the trade of war at the same time. The meaning of the inscription on that sword—which I have, and will show you presently—is to my mind perfectly clear.

Well, to get on with my yarn. As I sat in Mapana's kraal with the sword in my hands, I began to wonder whether I was in a dream. Was it possible that the beautiful brunette before me, chieftain of a tribe of outlandish Kaffirs, came of such stock as this? The idea seemed too wildly improbable. Yet, if her tale and the evidence before me meant anything, it meant that this sword, these gold coins, had once belonged to Maurice of the Rhine. I took the book in my hand and turned over its yellow pages. What I saw there yet more electrified me, and stimulated yet further my imagination. The book was an old French work on hawking, entitled, *La Fauconnerie; par Charles d'Esperon; Paris: 1605*. On the

fly-leaf was written, in an antique yet clear hand :

'MAURITIO P. d. d. MATER AMANTISSIMA,
ELIZABETHA R. 1635.'

Translated, this would run : 'To Maurice, Prince, a gift from his loving mother Elizabeth, Queen, 1635.'

There was no earthly reason to suppose that the inscription upon that old fly-leaf lied. That book, then, had once belonged to Prince Maurice; had once been the loving gift to him of the unlucky, beautiful Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, his mother. It seemed so strange, so tragic, to find here these relics of the old Stuart blood; to see before me perhaps even a descendant of that ill-starred line, that my mind, as I gazed from the old book to Mapana, from Mapana's soft eyes to the book again, ran in a flood of strangely mingled emotions. I asked Mapana again to tell me how these things had come into her family.

She reiterated that her father and grandfather had always told her that these were the things of Morinza (was not this name, I asked myself, an African corruption of Moritz or Maurice?), the white man, their ancestor. That he had them with him when he encountered the tribe. That in those days the Umfanzi lived much farther to the west (she indicated the direction with her hand), not far from a great water (probably the South Atlantic); that other things of his had also formerly belonged to them, but had almost all been lost in wars and wanderings.

Now I have been always fond of history, and, as a youngster, the story of the Stuarts had a deep interest for me. I had a clear recollection in my mind that Prince Maurice had been lost at sea some time during the Commonwealth or Cromwell's Protectorate, while on a privateering or filibustering expedition. Was it not possible, I asked myself, that he had been wrecked off the African coast, or even marooned by a discontented crew? I find, by the way, on coming down country, that Maurice was actually off the west coast of Africa in 1652, the year of his supposed death. He is believed by some to have been lost in a storm off the West Indies, but the circumstance of his death seems to be very much shrouded in mystery. There is nothing clear about it.

I told Mapana that I knew something of the origin of these relics. That their owner had once been a warrior in my country; and that I should like to take them home, and have them identified, if possible. That for her own sake, this ought to be done.

She looked very wistfully at me, but shook her head, and told one of her girls to put the sword and book back in her hut. The necklet she put on again. By this time it was dark and we sat by a blazing fire of wood.

Mapana now asked me to sup with her. I was not loth, of course; and, having still some coffee, sugar, and a tin of condensed milk in my saddle-bags, I had them and the kettle brought round. I boiled some water, and treated my charming barbarian to her first cup of coffee. She was delighted, and drank two beakers of it with the greatest enjoyment.

Then nothing would do but I must give her my teaspoon. It was an old worn silver one, as it happened. She looked so merry, so good-humoured, so fascinating, there by the cheery firelight, that I felt inclined to deny her nothing.

'But,' I said, 'you must give me something in return.'

She looked reflectively for a moment, then sent a girl to her hut. The girl returned with two more of the gold coins I have mentioned. They were strung close together on fine sinew, and were used, as Mapana showed me, as a fillet or decoration for the head. We made the exchange amid much merriment and some chaff, and I think were mutually content. I certainly had the best of the deal. Mapana at my suggestion used the spoon with her milk and porridge, which she had previously eaten by means of a kind of flat spoon—and her pretty fingers. I don't know what possessed me—perhaps it was the caressing touch of her hand, which had been once or twice laid upon mine while begging for the spoon—but, before saying good-night and going to my hut, I asked Mapana if she would like to be saluted in the fashion of my country. She assented with a smile. I stooped towards her, placed my hands upon her shoulders, and kissed her upon the cheek and lips. Never was caress more sweet! I don't think Mapana thought so badly of it either; there was no sign of displeasure in her dark eyes. Her maidens were rather startled, and ejaculated some very astonished 'ous;' but they were very discreet.

Before I quitted her, I asked Mapana to lend me the old book on Falconry. I wanted to examine it more closely. On my promising to deliver it to her again, she sent for it and placed it in my hands. I went back to my hut, put the book into my saddle-bag till morning, and quickly fell into a sound slumber.

I saw little of Mapana till next evening. She was bathing with her women at a lagoon in the morning. Then a council of headmen was held, chiefly to discuss my visit; this lasted some hours. I wandered quietly about the village, escorted by two tribesmen; saw that the horses were well fed and cared for, looked at our rifles, and waited rather impatiently for another audience with Mapana. During the afternoon the Bushmen left the town. They had soon tired of its attractions, and yearned to be in the veldt again.

It was not till nightfall that Mapana sent for me. I supped with her again by the fire in front of her hut, and again we had coffee and much laughter together. She was in curious spirits; sometimes rippling over with fun and a sort of naive coquetry; at others, looking serious and thoughtful, and even, as I thought, a little askance at me. I lighted my pipe and began to smoke. Presently she sat herself a little nearer to me and spoke.

'My headmen,' she said, 'want to know if you have come to stay long among us, Kareesa' (so she pronounced my name); 'I could not tell them this morning. What does Kareesa say? I tire of ruling these people alone. I want a man to help me. Seleni hopes to become that man; but Seleni—well, I love not Seleni over-

much. Why should not Kareesa join his lot with mine and share my power? Mapana looked more beautiful than ever, I thought, at that moment; she was very serious, and her dark eyes were turned almost beseechingly to mine. Half barbarian though she was, I never could forget that white blood ran strong within her; and in mere looks alone there was enough to tempt many a better man than I, who was already more than half in love with her.

I knew not what to say, but was about to stumble into some sort of speech. She leaned yet nearer, and placed a hand gently upon my arm. At that instant a sharp whistle, which I knew to be April's, and April's only, smote my ears. I half turned round. As I did so, an arrow grazed the breast of my flannel shirt and drove deep into the left bosom of Mapana. She uttered a little choking cry, and fell into my arms, a dying woman. I could not let her go in her last agony, poor soul; yet I knew there was deadly danger about me even as I supported her. Those moments were like some vile and terrible dream. In a second or two another arrow transfixed the fleshy part of my upper arm. Almost at the same instant the report of a rifle rang out; there was a cry, and a fall, and I knew Mapana was avenged—by April.

Next came April's voice: 'Baas, Baas, are you there? Come quickly.'

I cried out: 'All right; I'm coming;' and then looked into my poor lost Mapana's face again. She had given a shiver or two, a last struggle, and was now dead in my arms. I laid her quietly upon the earth and kissed her brow. She had in her hands, poor thing, as she often had, the old sword. Her grip upon the scabbard was so strong that I could not easily loosen it. I drew the blade quickly from the scabbard, and with one last look at her as she lay, still wonderfully beautiful even in death, I left Mapana.

Meanwhile, the whole town was in a frightful uproar. Poor Mapana's women were shrieking in her hut. Men's voices were yelling excitedly in different directions. War-drums were beating already.

I rushed to the kotla entrance. April was there with the two horses, saddled and bridled, and our rifles both loaded. First, I made him break and draw the arrow from my arm. He pointed to the body of Seleni, whom he had shot dead just as he fired his second arrow at me. We jumped into our saddles and galloped straight for the river. It was our only chance. By great good luck, we reached the banks safely, swam our horses across, and chanced the crocodiles. Once on the other side, we cantered steadily, all through the night, due south. At early morning we swam the river again, much against the grain, and then, after an hour's rest in thick bush, steadily continued our flight, now more to the eastward. To cut a long story short, by dint of nursing our nags, we made good our escape, reached the wagons in safety, and trekked hard till we had put a hundred and fifty miles between us and Umfanzi-land.

Whether the Umfanzis followed us or not, I don't know. Quite possibly, the death of

Mapana, and the consequent turmoil, so bothered them that they never did. Thanks to my idea of keeping our nags always saddled and bridled, and to April's bravery and smartness, we escaped with our lives.

Poor dead Mapana! I shall never cease to mourn her as a good, and true, and most bewitching woman. I admired her beauty and her kindly heart. May she rest in peace!

Well (ended Cressey) that's my yarn. It's a curious one, isn't it? If you are as dry as I am, you must want a whisky and seltzer. After that, if you'll come to my bedroom, I'll show you the relics—the two coins, the sword, and the book—I brought from Umfanzi-land.

Touching these same relics, which have proved undoubtedly to have once belonged to Prince Maurice of the Rhine, they are likely to adorn shortly the collection of a great personage, or of a well-known Museum.

As for the descent of poor Mapana—whether she and her forefathers truly sprang, as she claimed, from Prince Maurice himself—that is a mystery dead with her dead self, never to be clearly explained on this side the dark portals.

LOCAL DAINTIES.

PECULIAR honours have long been accorded to certain localities, by epicures and those versed in culinary lore, for the savoury viands and dainty dishes they supply. In some cases such delicacies have been immortalised in a local proverb or folk-rhyme; while others have gained an equal reputation from their historic associations. Thus, the Downs near Sutton, Banstead, and Epsom produce delicate small sheep, a luxury which could delight even a royal connoisseur; for Richard Sutton is reported to have said, 'How the king [Charles II.] loved Banstead mutton!' Despite the lapse of years, the meat of the small Southdown still retains its wonted flavour, and it is as delicious as it was in the days of the Merry Monarch. The Dartmoor sheep, which produces the esteemed Oakhampton mutton, is a small breed; and a Northumberland rhyme reminds us of

Rothbury for goats' milk,
And the Cheviots for mutton.

From time immemorial, Kent has been noted for its brawn, that made at Canterbury being sent to all parts of the county. It would seem, too, that Sussex was once famous for this dish, for an old entry tells how Henry VI. directed the sheriff of Sussex to buy for a Christmas feast 'ten brawns with the heads.' Of English sausages, the finest are produced at Epping, Norwich, Oxford, and Cambridge. Soyer speaks in high praise of some presented to him by Sir George Chetwynd, and which were made by a country pork-butcher at Atherstone, a small town near Greendon Hall. Bologna and Göttingen are celebrated for their savoury sausages, and in Theodore Hook's amusing *Adventures of Peter Priggins, the College Scout*, will be found a recipe for the manufacture of Oxford sausage-meat, which has

earned a well-merited distinction. According to an old Cornish rhyme, which is quoted in Dr King's *Art of Cookery*, the following dainties were once proverbial:

Cornwall swab pie, and Devon white pot brings,
And Leicester beans and bacon fit for kings.

Melton-Mowbray has long been in repute for its pork pies; and a world-famed luxury known to most epicures are the Strasbourg pâtés, long esteemed so great a delicacy as to be sent to distant countries as presents. Speaking of such savoury dishes, it appears that the Salters' Company were in days gone by noted for their game pies, the recipe for the making of which, as preserved in their books, is deserving of notice: 'Take a pheasant, a hare, a capon, two partridges, two pigeons, and two rabbits; bone them, and put them into paste in the shape of a bird, with the livers and hearts, two mutton kidneys, forcemeats, and egg-balls, seasoning, spice, ketchup, and pickled mushrooms, filled up with gravy from the various bones.' A pie was so made by the Company's cook in 1836, and was found to be excellent.

For years past Gloucester has had a lucrative trade in lampreys; and from a very early period until the year 1836, it was customary for the city to send at Christmas 'a lamprey with a raised crust' to the sovereign, entries of its regular transmission appearing in the Corporation Records.

During the Commonwealth, it appears from the subjoined minute that the pie was sent to the members for the city: 'Paid to Thomas Suffield, cook, for lamprey pies sent to our Parliament men, £8.' Indeed, a well-stewed lamprey has long been esteemed a rare delicacy by most epicures, and as such, it is said, almost excused the royal excess which carried off Henry I. at Rouen. In 1530 the Prior of Llanthony at Gloucester sent 'cheese, carp, and baked lampreys' to Henry VIII. at Windsor, for which the bearer received twenty shillings.

The Berkshire breed of pigs is one of the best in England, and York House, Bath, has long been famous for the mild flavour of the hams dressed there. The fine quality of Yorkshire ham has often been attributed to the superiority of the salt employed; while Wiltshire bacon has always been in request on account of its delicate taste. On the Continent, there are the so-called hams of Bayonne, cured at Pau, in the Lower Pyrenees; while the Spanish hog-meat and Westphalia hams are generally considered to owe 'much of their peculiar excellence to the swine being fed on beech-mast, which our limited forests cannot to any extent allow.' A genuine *hure de sanglier*, or wild-boar's head, from the Black Forest would, it has often been remarked, elevate the plainest dinner into dignity. A late king of Hanover used to send one to each of his most esteemed friends in England every Christmas; and 'it was a test of political consistency to remain long upon his list, for all who abandoned His Majesty's somewhat rigid creed of orthodoxy in Church and State were periodically weeded out.'

Among specialties regarding birds may be mentioned the capon of Surrey and Sussex;

and the turkeys and geese of Norfolk and Suffolk. Passing through Essex, one may see whole 'herds' of geese and ducks in the fields there, fattening without thought of the future. Most of these birds, writes Dr Doran, 'are foreigners. They are Irish by birth; but they are brought over by steam, in order to be perfected by an English education; and when the due state of perfection has been attained, they are transferred to London.'

Dunstable larks are a dainty much coveted by epicures, and London is annually supplied, from the country about Dunstable alone, with not fewer than four thousand dozen. But the enthusiasm with which *gourmets* speak of these birds is far exceeded by the Germans, who travel many hundred miles to Leipzig merely to eat a dinner of larks. Such is the slaughter of larks at the Leipzig fair, that as many as half a million are annually eaten, principally by the booksellers frequenting that city.

Whittlesey Mere, in Huntingdonshire, now drained, once produced the finest ruffs and reeves, a delicacy of which Prince Talleyrand was extremely fond, his regular allowance during the season being two a day. An amusing anecdote is told of a young curate who had come up to be examined for priests' orders, and was asked to dinner at Bishopthorpe by Archbishop Markham. Out of modesty, he confined himself exclusively to the dish before him till one of the resident dignitaries observed him. But it was too late; the ruffs and reeves had vanished to a bird.

A similar tale has been told of another delicate morsel, the wheatear, popularly designated 'the English ortolan.' A Scotch officer was dining with a certain Lord George Lennox, then Commandant at Portsmouth, and was placed near a dish of wheatears, which was rapidly disappearing under his repeated attentions to it. Lady Louisa Lennox tried to divert his notice to another dish, but 'Na, na, my leddy,' was the reply; 'these wee birdies will do verra weel.'

Norfolk and Suffolk have also been long renowned for partridges, and in years past a Leicestershire partridge was never dressed at Belvoir Castle. Some gastronomic enthusiasts have praised the pochard or dun-bird as a special dainty. It is a species of wild-fowl caught in the decoys of Essex and other counties. The flesh is said to melt in the mouth like that of the celebrated canvas-back duck of America. Then there is the Dorking fowl; and the Scotch grouse has never been equalled, in connoisseurs' opinion. Burns, too, it may be remembered, wrote a poem in praise of Scotch 'haggis;' and Bishop, referring to jack-pudding, humorously speaks of the dainties of different countries. A favourite dish in Shropshire is bubble-and-squeak, of which report goes George II. was fond. It is generally said that, when Prince of Wales, he happened to partake of it at a bachelor's table in that county, and was so pleased with it, that the homely dish was frequently afterwards seen at Carlton House.

The county of Chester has for ages past been famous for the excellence of its cheese; and as far back as the time of Henry II. it is recorded how Countess Constance of Chester kept a herd

of kine, and made good cheeses, three of which she presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The pride of Cheshire in the time-honoured superiority of its cheese may be gathered from a provincial song, published with the music about the year 1746, during the Spanish War in the reign of George II. Next to Cheshire rank Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, and Somerset for their cheese; and in the last county there is a proverbial rhyme current which runs thus:

If you would have a good cheese, and hav'n old,
You must turn'n seven times before he is old.

According to a popular error, Stilton cheese was originally made in the parish of Stilton, Lincolnshire: in point of fact, it was first produced in Leicestershire, where it continues to be made in the greatest quantity, but derived its name from an inn on the Great North Road in the parish of Stilton, where it was first brought into notice.

The finest cream cheese is that of Cottenham and Southam in Cambridgeshire; and formerly Banbury was noted for its milk cheese, about an inch in thickness. Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act I. scene i.), Bardolph calls Slender a 'Banbury cheese;' and in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* we read, 'You are like a Banbury cheese, nothing but paring.' Falstaff was more complimentary to Tewkesbury than to Prince Hal when he said the prince's brains were thicker than Tewkesbury mustard.

The cheese known by the name of 'Trent Bank' is a good substitute for Parmesan, which is manufactured between Cremona and Lodi, the highest part of the Milanese. The butter of Epping and Cambridge has long been held in the highest repute; and as far back as the time of Elizabeth, Devonshire has been noted for its clouted cream. The Hampshire honey, again, is deservedly in demand; and a Sussex rhyme says:

Amberley—God knows,
All among the rooks and crows,
Where the good potatoes grows.

The famous plums of Pershore in Worcestershire are an important source of income to the parishioners, and it is said you can guess what kind of plum crop there is in any given year by the way a Pershore man answers the question where he comes from. 'Why, from Pershore, to be sure,' lets you see that the crop is good. But if he replies, 'From Pershore, God help us!' you may infer that it is a bad year for plums. Cornwall and the Scilly Isles send many delicacies in the way of vegetables; and formerly, Deptford onions, Battersea cabbages, Mortlake asparagus, Chelsea celery, and Charlton peas, were in high repute. At one time, the neighbourhood about Bath was noted for its strawberries; and Kent still maintains its superiority in the flavour of its cherries, some of its chief orchards being in the parishes on the borders of the Thames, the Darent, and the Medway. According to Busino, Venetian ambassador in the reign of James I., it was a favourite amusement in the Kentish gardens to try who could eat most cherries. In this way, one young woman managed to eat twenty pounds, beating by two and a half pounds her opponent.

The merits of certain local articles of con-

fectionery have long been undisputed, and Banbury cakes are still much sought after, being shipped to most parts of the world. It is noteworthy that 'Banberrie cakes' are mentioned in a *Treatise on Melancholie*, published in 1586, among the articles that carry with them melancholy; and Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), introduces a Banbury man who 'was a baker—but he does dream now, and sees visions: he has given over his trade, out of a scruple he took that inspired conscience; those cakes he made were served in bridalls, maypoles, morrises, and such profane feasts and meetings.' There are the Richmond 'Maids of Honour,' delicious cheese-cakes, peculiar to Richmond, and in all probability named from its regal days, when there was kept up here a royal palace and court. George III. seems to have been an admirer of this delicacy, his tables at Windsor Castle and Kew being regularly supplied with it. It is stated that the large sum of one thousand pounds was once paid to the fortunate possessor of the recipe for making this cheese-cake, with the good-will of the business, said to have been originally established in Hill Street, Richmond.

Shrewsbury was not only famous for its painted glass-works, and for its making of excellent brawn, but also for its cakes. Indeed, 'Shrewsbury cakes' have for many a year past been proverbial, a local dainty which Shenstone has recorded among the products of his birth-place:

And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honoured names the ingrative city own,
Rendering through Britain's Isle Salopia's praises known.

Shrewsbury, too, has long been noted for its Grinnel cakes, which are also made at Coventry, Devizes, and Bury in Lancashire. Mention should be made of Congleton, which has gained distinction for its cakes and gingerbread. These cakes are locally known as 'Court cakes,' from being eaten at the quarterly-account meetings of the Corporation. They are of a triangular form, with a raisin inserted at each corner, representing, it has been suggested, the Mayor and its Justices, who were the governing body under the charter of James I.

Referring to fish dainties, Sussex seems to have been specially favoured, having been renowned for 'a Chichester lobster, an Arundel mullet, a Pulborough eel, a Selsey cockle, an Amberley trout, and a Rye herring.' There is an amusing rhyme to this effect:

Arundel mullet—stinking fish,
Eats it off a dirty dish,

which is said by the people of Offham to the folk of Arundel; but the retort is:

Offham dingers, Church bell-ringers,
Only taters for your Sunday dinners.

Few local industries are of older standing than the Colchester oyster fishery, and the annual oyster banquet is a well-known institution; the finest British oysters are said to be spawned in the Colne. The Christchurch and Severn salmon have long had a high repute; and the salmon at Killarney, broiled, toasted, or roasted on arbutus skewers, is inimitable.

The Dublin haddock is another delicacy peculiar to the sister island, some of the finest being also caught on the Cornish coast. The herring and pilchard pies of Cornwall have been proverbial; and the herring industry of Great Yarmouth is one of the most important centres of our fishing-trade. Then there are the Whitstable oysters; and the finest smelts were formerly considered to come from the Medway, at Rochester. A Norfolk rhyme speaks of Cromer crabs and Ranton dabs; and Quin thought the inhabitants of Plymouth ought to be the happiest of mortals from their supply of dories. Plymouth was noted for its red mullet; and Greenwich whitebait are still an attraction. Pope long ago spoke of

The Kennet swift, for silver eels renowned;

but, as it has been often observed, the Kennet is a slow river; there are no eels at all in the upper part, and those in the lower part are too large; but eels in perfection may be eaten at Salisbury, Anderton, or Overton.

Local dainties of one kind or another might be further multiplied, for there has always been a certain amount of rival emulation in this respect, although in some cases they seem to have been largely influenced by fashion. Thus, according to an old proverb, 'He who hath breans in his ponds may bid his friends welcome;' but this fish nowadays is rarely seen.

OLD LONDON DUELLING-GROUNDS.

LESS than a century ago, many of the most densely crowded spots in London at the present day were green fields, where, far removed from turmoil and the roar of traffic, many a duel was fought. Neighbourhoods where narrow lanes were seen a while ago, with flowering banks and blooming hedgerows, have become broad thoroughfares; and where the meadows stretched away as far as the eye could reach, endless streets and squares have sprung up, and shut out Highgate and other wooded hills that are still there. But the noted Duelling-grounds—the spots upon which, day after day, affairs of honour were decided—have completely disappeared. The tide of life has advanced like an intrusive wave, and has blotted them out. Down to the very days of the Protectorate, even Leicester Fields, of which Leicester Square now forms the centre, was a large open common, and used for military exercise. Leicester House, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was the only mansion to be seen in the vicinity. The locality was notorious as a duelling-ground. The duel between Cooté and Captain French was fought here in 1699, when Cooté was killed on the spot. Duelling in Leicester Fields, it will be remembered, is graphically described in *Esmond*. In the novel, Lord Mohun and Lord Castlewood (unlike Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton in the historical duel) had quarrelled at the 'Greyhound.' Thereupon, they take chairs to the Fields. The gentlemen are set down

opposite the 'Standard' Tavern. The chairmen smoke their pipes, and watch the duellists in the dim moonlight.

Soon after the meeting here between Cooté and French, Leicester Fields was formed into a square, with Leicester House and its gardens occupying the north side. When Leicester Fields was beginning to be built over, the fields behind Montague House, in Bloomsbury, became the scene of duelling. The ground nearest to Montague House was known as Capper's Farm a hundred years ago; and the whole of the district north of this farm extended in an unbroken line to the rustic village of Paddington. A favourite walk over these fields, on a Sunday afternoon, was to the Field of the Forty Footsteps. In this field, according to tradition, two brothers fought; and so fierce was the combat, that both were slain: since which time—so runs the tale—their footprints remained as indented there during the unnatural encounter; nor could any grass, or vegetable growth of any sort, ever be produced where forty footmarks were thus disclosed. Profiting by this tradition, Jane Porter wrote an ingenious novel called the *Field of the Forty Footsteps*. The incident is also recorded by Southey. After quoting a letter from a friend recommending him to visit the spot called 'The Brothers' Steps,' he says: 'We sought for nearly half an hour in vain. We were almost out of hope, when an honest man who was at work directed us to the ground adjoining a pond. There was found what we sought. The steps are the size of a large human foot, about three inches deep. The place where one or both these brothers is supposed to have fallen is still bare of grass. The labourer also pointed out the bank where the wretched woman—as tradition relates—sat to see the combat.'

These fields remained waste and useless, with the exception of some nursery grounds near the New Road, and a piece of ground enclosed for the Toxophilite Society, until the end of the last century. An enterprising builder then began to erect houses. The latest record of these traditional footprints, previous to their being built over, is to be found in Moser's *Commonplace Books*: 'Went into the fields at the back of Montague House, and there saw for the last time the "forty footsteps." The building materials are there ready to cover them from the sight of man.'

Bloomsbury Fields were in those days—particularly during the reign of William III.—often chosen as a duelling-ground. Law, the financier, killed the mysterious Beau Wilson in these fields.

Another famous ground, in still more recent times, was Chalk Farm, near which was the 'White House,' a tavern, with a tea garden. An adjacent field, screened on one side by trees, was a favourite resort of duellists. One of the earliest duels at Chalk Farm took place in the summer of 1790 between Captain Aston and Lieutenant Fitzgerald. A lady, as was frequently the case, was the cause of their dispute. Fitzgerald, firing first, shot Aston in the neck. He recovered, but was killed in another duel, a few years later. In April 1803, two officers—Montgomery and Macnamara—fought a duel

here because the dog of one officer had growled at the dog of the other. The first-named officer was killed, and the latter was severely wounded. There was a trial for manslaughter; but the verdict was 'Not Guilty.'

Concerning the 'affair' between Moore and Jeffrey at Chalk Farm, where, as Byron insists, 'Authors sometimes seek the field of Mars,' Tom Moore has himself left a record. Just as both pistols were raised, and they were waiting for the signal to fire, some police officers, whose approach no one had noticed, rushed out of a hedge behind Jeffrey. One of them struck at Jeffrey's pistol with his staff and knocked it out of his hand; while another took possession of Moore's. They were conveyed, crestfallen, to Bow Street. It is reported that they fired blank cartridges. This incident inspired the famous epigram, 'They only fire ball cartridge at reviews.' Byron also ridiculed this duel in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Moore and Jeffrey, as is well known, became cordial friends after this meeting at Chalk Farm.

In another 'literary duel,' fought on the same ground, John Scott—a man of considerable promise—met with his end. It was on a moonlight night in February 1821. The quarrel came about through a provoked attack on Lockhart in the *London*. Scott was challenged by a friend of Lockhart's.

Old London taverns, or the courts outside, were duelling-grounds in former days. In one of the rooms at the 'Star and Garter,' a fashionable tavern in Pall Mall, a fatal duel was fought in 1762. It was between William, fifth Lord Byron, and his Nottinghamshire neighbour, Mr Chaworth. The quarrel arose out of a heated argument over the dinner table; and in little more than an hour after its commencement, Mr Chaworth received a mortal wound from his opponent. Lord Byron—great-uncle and immediate predecessor of the poet—was tried for the capital offence; but he was found guilty only of manslaughter by the House of Lords.

'Dick's' tavern stood on the south side of Fleet Street, near Temple Bar, and was originally called 'Richard's,' Richard Turner being the noted proprietor. Two hot-headed youths disagreed at 'Dick's' about some trifle; and the matter was subsequently decided at the 'Three Cranes' in the Vintry, by one of them, Rowland St John, running his companion, John Stiles of Lincoln's Inn, through the body.

'Dick's' is famous as the tavern to which Steele conducted the Twaddlers, as commemorated in the *Tatler*. The 'Grecian' was also a notorious coffee-house. Two young scholars, not inappropriately, had a dispute at the 'Grecian' about the accent of a certain Greek word; and not being able to decide the question amicably, stepped out into the court and settled it with swords. Until Dr Johnson's time, duels in England were generally fought with swords; but they were soon afterwards superseded by pistols: for when civilians gave up wearing swords, there was less inducement to make use of this weapon. The 'Grecian' was a noted coffee-house in Devereux Court, in the Strand. The place derived its name from a Greek from the Levant, who was the original proprietor.

Constantine, as he was called, sold coffee, chocolate, sherbet, and tea. The place was frequented by a goodly company of wits and poets, including Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith.

At another tavern in the Strand, the 'Adelphi,' a duel was fought between the editor of the *Morning Post* and a certain Captain Stoney. The editor, an eccentric clergyman, named Dudley, had inserted an article which happened to give offence to the Captain; and on refusing to name the author, received a challenge. They took a room at this tavern, and called for a brace of pistols; and when these failed, they resorted to swords. They were both wounded, and were then separated with difficulty.

It was at the 'Castle' Tavern, in Covent Garden, that Sheridan fought a duel with Captain Mathews in 1772. They had repaired to Hyde Park, but finding the crowd too great, adjourned to this coffee-house. They fought with swords, and both were wounded, though neither of them severely. The quarrel was about the beautiful Miss Linley, to whom Sheridan was already secretly married.

The celebrated duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun was arranged at the 'Rose' Tavern, in Covent Garden. The duel took place in Hyde Park. It was fought on the 15th of November 1712. The Duke got out of his coach 'on the road that goes to Kensington,' and walked 'over the grass and between the two ponds.' The weapons were swords; and Lord Mohun was killed on the spot, falling in the ditch on his back, and the Duke falling near him, severely wounded. The keeper of Price's Lodge, in the park, lifted the Duke up; and he walked with the keeper's help about thirty yards, when he declared that he could go no farther, and died. Macartney, Lord Mohun's second, who escaped to the Continent, was accused by Colonel Hamilton, the Duke's second, of having stabbed his principal over his (the Colonel's) shoulder. A proclamation was issued offering five hundred pounds reward for the apprehension of Macartney, to which was added three hundred by the Duchess of Hamilton. The ostensible cause of the quarrel was the right of succession to the estate of Gerard, Earl of Macclesfield, both having married nieces of the Earl; but politics had perhaps as much to do with it as the lawsuit in which they were engaged. No man of his time was more frequently involved in duels than Lord Mohun. He was twice tried for murder. A Bill for the prevention of duelling was brought into the House of Commons immediately after this affair; but it was lost after the second reading.

Duelling went on for nearly a hundred years in London after this event. Early in the present century—as recently as 1822—a duel was fought in the park between two Dukes—Bedford and Buckingham. A noted one occurred in a copse, in a lonely part of Hyde Park, between John Wilkes, the agitator, and Samuel Martin, a member of Parliament. Both fired four times, when Wilkes received a severe wound. His antagonist relenting, hastened to offer to assist him off the ground. But Wilkes urged Martin to make his escape and avoid

arrest. Wilkes was the cause of another duel in Hyde Park. In a coffee-house, one Captain Douglas spoke of Wilkes as a scoundrel, adding that the epithet equally applied to his adherents. A clergyman named Green espousing Wilkes's cause, pulled the Captain's nose. Thereupon, they repaired to the park, though late in the evening. The duel was fought with swords. The parson ran the Captain through the doublet, and they left the ground satisfied.

Holland Park, at the beginning of the century, was a famous duelling-ground. The spot usually chosen was near Addison Road, a spot known as the Moats. Lord Camelford fought a duel here in 1804 with Captain Best, the crack shot of that period. The dispute occurred at the 'Prince of Wales' Coffee-house, in Conduit Street. The parties met near the Moats about eight o'clock one morning in March; and having taken up their position, Lord Camelford fired the first shot. It missed; and Captain Best, taking aim, lodged his bullet in his lordship's body.

Less than half a century ago, Battersea Fields was one of the darkest and dreariest spots in the suburbs of London. It was a swampy waste of some three hundred acres. Costermongers and roughs and so-called gypsies made these fields their favourite resort. Many a duel was fought there. The isolated character of the place recommended it to duellists of all sorts and conditions. In the most remarkable 'affair' that happened in Battersea Fields, near the notorious Red House, the Iron Duke was a principal. He had got into hot-water for the part he had taken in the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill. Abuse fell upon him fast and furious. The young Earl of Winchelsea, one of the leaders of the Anti-Catholic party, published a violent attack on the Duke's personal character. The Duke in vain attempted to induce the Earl to retract his charges. He subsequently sent him a challenge. Lord Winchelsea, after escaping the Duke's shot, tendered an apology.

Putney Heath, at the time a noted rendezvous for highwaymen, was the scene of frequent duels, private and political. William Pitt while Prime Minister exchanged shots on this heath with Tierney; and another famous duel, between Canning and Castlereagh, took place there, near that well-known landmark, the Obelisk.

Hounslow Heath was another duelling-ground. One wintry night in 1696, Beau Fielding fought a duel on this heath with Sir Henry Colt. The exact ground chosen was at the back of Cleveland Court. Fielding, who wished to fight where the beautiful Duchess of Cleveland, his future wife, might witness the duel, is reported to have run Sir Henry through the body before he had time to draw his sword. But the Baronet, though wounded, succeeded in disarming his antagonist, and so ended the affair. The place where this duel was fought is the present site of Bridgewater House.

Another duelling-ground in London was Tottenham Fields. The neighbourhood was a dead level, as shown in old etchings, broken only by a clump of trees in the centre. In the last encounter which took place there, in 1711, a

Kentish gentleman named Dering was killed by one Richard Thornhill. It was one of the most savage duels on record. The men fought so near that the muzzles of the pistols actually touched each other. Westminster House of Correction and the surrounding streets now cover these fields.

Endless attempts during all this time were being made to put a stop to duelling. The duelling-grounds in London were being built over, but still grounds were to be found, and men continued to challenge and fight. Members of Parliament brought in Bills for its suppression; divines preached; authors directed their satire against the evil. 'If any one that fought a duel was made to stand in the pillory,' writes Addison, 'it would quickly lessen these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice.'

Still members of Parliament, divines, and authors—those who most condemned the practice of duelling—were being constantly drawn into duels. Lord Shaftesbury was challenged by Lord Mornington in 1853 for something he had said in a speech on the Juvenile Mendicancy Bill. Lord Shaftesbury referred the affair to his solicitors; and thus was given the *coup de grâce* to the notion that when challenged a man must fight.

The last duel—the last fatal one, at least—was fought in a field in Maiden Lane in a solitary part of Holloway, in 1843. The district acquired considerable notoriety from the event. It was the duel fought between Colonel Fawcett and Lieutenant Munro. The former was killed. The duellists were not only brother-officers; they were also brothers-in-law, having married two sisters. The coroner's jury on the inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder, not only against Lieutenant Munro, but against the seconds also. The latter, however, were acquitted. Munro evaded the hands of justice by seeking refuge abroad. Four years later, he surrendered to take his trial at the Old Bailey. He was found guilty, and sentenced to death. He was, however, strongly recommended to mercy; and the sentence was eventually commuted to twelve months' imprisonment. The neighbourhood in which this duel was fought is no longer solitary; a wide thoroughfare, known as the Brecknock Road, runs through it; and a rifle-ground, beside the 'Brecknock Arms,' appropriately indicates the place where the final shot was fired.

MIRAGE.

THIS is the name applied to certain optical illusions due to the curving of rays of light as they pass through the atmosphere. The illusory appearance may take one or other of three forms: objects may simply seem very much elevated; or they may be elevated and inverted; or, lastly, they may seem depressed and inverted. Because rays usually travel in straight lines, we cannot see round corners, nor can we see objects below the horizon; but sometimes, because of the peculiar state of the atmosphere, the rays of light are so bent that when they

reach the eye they make distant objects seem in a higher position than they actually are. In this way, bodies that are really below the horizon may seem elevated above it, and though at a great distance, may thus become visible. This sort of thing is usually seen across water, and among nautical men it is known as 'looming.' Not unfrequently, objects that 'loom' seem unusually near, and are magnified vertically, so as to appear like spires or columns. Snowdon is now and then seen by pilots in Dublin Bay, although the distance between them is over a hundred miles as the crow flies. The Isle of Wight has several times been visible from Brighton; and the cliffs near Calais have been seen from Ramsgate, the distance in both cases being about sixty miles.

But it is in tropical seas that the most remarkable instances have occurred. A good many years ago, a pilot in Mauritius reported that he had seen a vessel which turned out to be two hundred miles off. The incident caused a good deal of discussion in nautical circles; and, strange to say, a seemingly well-authenticated case of the same kind occurred afterwards at Aden. A pilot there announced that he had seen from the heights the Bombay steamer then nearly due. He stated precisely the direction in which he saw her, and added that her head was not then turned towards the port. This caused some alarm, and a steamer lying in the harbour was sent out to tow in the vessel supposed to be disabled. It cruised about in the direction indicated for a whole day without success; but two days afterwards, the missing steamer entered the port; and it was found, on inquiries, that at the time mentioned by the pilot she was exactly in the direction and position indicated by him, but about two hundred miles off. To prove that there is no hallucination in statements like these, evidence would be required as conclusive as that needed to establish the reality of the great serpent.

Sometimes, however, objects are not only elevated but inverted. This appearance is very common in Polar seas, the inversion being due to the rays from the lower part of the distant object being more bent than those from the upper part. Sailors see it best from a lofty position, such as the mast-head. A well-known case occurred off the coast of Greenland in 1822, when Captain Scoresby was made aware of the nearness of his father's ship by recognising its inverted image in the sky. And in 1854 the whole English fleet of nineteen sail was seen as if suspended in the air upside down by those on board H.M.S. *Archer*, cruising fifty miles away, off Oesel in the Baltic. It is not unusual to see two or three different horizons with images of a distant vessel alternately inverted and upright.

Cold heavy air over water is just as it were in the opposite condition from warm light air over a sandy desert; hence, in the latter case the rays are bent in the opposite direction, and seem to come from an object below the real one. So that in the mirage of the Desert the

observer sees the distant object directly through the uniform part of the air between himself and it, and he likewise sees an inverted image below as if caused by reflection in a sheet of water. Indeed, travellers across the Desert have often been cheated by the appearance. A Deputy Surveyor-general of South Australia once reported the existence of a large inland lake there. He did not take the precaution to go up to it; and when the lake was afterwards sought for, it was found that he had been deceived by the mirage.

The mirage can be seen nearly every day in the plains of Lower Egypt, and also to a limited extent in the plains of Hungary and Southern France. Now and then something of the kind can be seen in summer by stooping down and looking along our sandy coasts, such as Morecambe Bay and the coast of Devonshire, or over the Fen district, at that season dried up by the summer heat.

We must remember that the mirage of the Desert creates nothing, but merely inverts bodies that actually exist a little distance off; though in the Sahara, skylight rays descending are bent upwards by the hot air next the sand, and the eye is actually deluded by an impression resembling the reflection of skylight from water, the illusion being increased by the flickering due to convection currents, suggesting the effects of a breeze on the water. Many of the descriptions given of the mirage are 'travellers' tales' in the uncomplimentary sense. One of the most absurdly extravagant examples of this is the following: 'This treacherous phenomenon deludes the traveller's eye with a regular succession of beautiful lakes and shady avenues; and then, again, with an expanse of waving grass around a picturesque villa; here is presented a grove of towering trees; there, a flock of browsing cattle.'

WITH THE PAST.

THINK you ever of one gloaming
In a golden Summer gone,
When, amid the gathering shadows,
Eyes, love-lighted, brighter shone?
All the birds had hushed their voices,
In the grass the daisies slept,
And on soft cool wing, the west wind
Past us like an angel swept.

Think you ever of the Silence—
Silence sweeter far than speech—
That stole o'er us as Love drew us
Closer, trembling, each to each?
Oh the years that I had waited
For a moment such as this!
Stretching out vain arms to clasp thee,
Thrilling 'neath thy phantom kiss.

Am I waking? am I dreaming?
Has that bygone day come back?
Nay! 'tis only Memory straying
O'er the dear old beaten track!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.